

EMMA ARI BELTRÁN

Poems to read in the rain

To my mother

I

I hear the world falling
collapsing into my hands

the wind lashes again
door by door
and the somber city
carries lead and grief
like rivers

How much will it still grow
this watered night?

only a verse saves me
from falling

II

Nostalgia will come
any of these evenings
and we will close the door slowly
to cry in the dark

nostalgia will come one of these days
(breaking down the walls of this story)
an evening of mist
and wind

III

I am going to stay here
unshakeable
under this faithful sky that bursts

nothing comes with the dawn
not even your laughter

I am going to stay here
unshakeable
until birds bloom from my breast

iv

Under slow and persistent rain
I am rambling on the edges
of my own abyss

autumn is here
and there is no sea that stops it

October is falling drop by drop
water water water that grows
like solitude
flooding the Earth

v

Protect me from this sun
it blinds me

give me your darkness
your distant light
take me to the sea to the sea to the sea

let its song flood me
let all its water
pour over me

VI

If I never go back
who is going to live my life
who is going to dream distances
and play with the wind
who is going to write poems
who will put the house to sleep
and provide drinking fountains for summer

VII

Tell the wind
not to take you
not to leave me alone
not to force me to remove
from the loose flooring
the sharpened knife
and stab myself
tell the wind
that I do not want to wander
like a river
and in the end lose myself
in salt water

